

The Full Moon's Mark

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The Full Moon's Mark

by [DarbyDoo22](#)

Summary

Everything was quite in Beacon Hills, until it wasn't.

Notes

Part of the A Pack of Two series, but could of be read as a stand alone

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

Things had been quiet recently in Beacon Hills. Far too quiet for Stiles' liking.

Word of the LaRose pack being decimated in Beacon Hills had gotten around the supernatural community fairly quickly, and since then, it seemed like no one wanted to risk going to their small town.

Stiles was happy that things had been peaceful, but it also put him on edge. He kept expecting something to go wrong. Kept waiting for something to happen. His werewolf senses only intensified the feeling significantly.

So, just as he had done for the past few days, Stiles waited patiently for his dad, killing time by working in the kitchen. He was just finishing up their dinner for the night.

He could feel the anticipation building as he picked up the familiar sound of the police cruiser turning on to their street, then come to a stop in the driveway.

"So, anything weird happen at the station today?" Stiles asked, before the man had even closed the front door behind him.

Stiles waited patiently as the sheriff hung up his jacket and put his firearm away.

"So?" Stiles continued to prod anxiously.

He quickly plated their dinner, spinach and squash vegetarian lasagna, anxious for any information about any case.

His father took a few bites before answering.

"Mostly regular cases so far, noise complaints, petty theft, speeding." He started.

Stiles rolled his eyes impatiently, taking a few bites of his own food. He could definitely see where he got his dramatic streak from.

"But there was a murder last night. Nothing unusual about it, one stab wound, missing wallet, looks like a regular robbery gone wrong." He finally admitted.

"So, what was weird about it?" He couldn't help but ask.

"When the mother came to identify the body, she noticed a tattoo on her daughter's wrist that she wasn't aware of." The sheriff answered.

"This is the second time in two months that there's been an unidentifiable symbol tattooed on the victim that no one knew about beforehand." He sighed, picking at his food aggressively.

Stiles could only shrug in response. He'd never heard of killers tattooing their victims before.

Normally the killers would carve symbols instead of tattooing them, supernatural or not.

It could have been a coincidence for all they knew. It wasn't exactly uncommon for young adults in a small town like Beacon Hills to hide tattoos from their parents.

"I figured it was a long shot." His dad sighed, shaking his head in frustration.

"We couldn't find any DNA evidence, I was hoping it was for supernatural reasons, not because we had an experienced killer." He finished.

"Peter and I could look at the symbols if you want. See if there's any supernatural connection to them." He offered quietly.

"That would be much appreciated" the sheriff conceded.

His dad was still getting used to the idea of asking his son for help, especially when it included getting help from Peter Hale too.

"How are things with you and Peter?" His dad asked eventually. Stiles could feel the blush colouring his cheeks in response.

He managed to stutter out a "good" before trying to change the subject.

Stiles should really be use to it at this point. Scott kept asking him how things with Peter were going.

The only difference was, Scott kept expecting something to have gone wrong, whereas his dad was just trying to make conversation.

Stiles' dad knew everything that had happened, even how the other pack had reacted, but Stiles knew that his dad was still hesitant about him dating Peter.

The man was still several years older than Stiles, after all. And had still gone on a murderous revenge spree.

Pushing the thought out of his head, Stiles quickly finished his meal.

He wanted to get a head start on the tattoo killer, supernatural creature or not.

The next day found Stiles sitting on the couch in Peter's apartment after school, a laptop and all of his dad's case files spread out across the coffee table in front of him.

He had been searching for hours, looking for creatures that that had a symbol relating to them, that was similar to the one on the victim.

But so far, nothing had come up. He had looked everywhere, for even the slightest mentions of anything, but it felt like he was grasping at straws.

Groaning in frustration, Stiles closed the laptop shut aggressively.

Maybe a bit too aggressively, he realized, as he saw slight indents on the top of it where his fingers had pushed.

Cursing to himself, Stiles followed the familiar sound of Peter's heartbeat into the kitchen. He just wanted to be with his boyfriend, his anchor right now.

He found his alpha sitting at the dinner table, cookbook in hand, glaring intensely at a chocolate chip cookie recipe.

Peter looked up immediately, putting the book down when Stiles sat down across from him at the small table.

"It's ok to lose control every now and then." Peter told him, knowing what this was about immediately. He reached across the table to grab Stiles' hand.

"Especially for someone still new to this, and especially now" he continued, squeezing Stiles' hand reassuringly.

Stiles tilted his head in confusion, not sure what Peter meant by 'now'. Was there something he was missing?

Peter sighed and shook his head. He could probably feel Stiles' confusion through their bond.

"Have you honestly forgotten that the full moon is in two days? I thought you were smarter than that, Stiles" he said, rolling his eyes.

And shit, that would explain why he had been so anxious lately. Maybe there was no new supernatural threat in town. Maybe it was all just his reaction to the full moon.

Stiles had completely forgotten about the upcoming full moon, and now it was seriously impacting his every day life.

He would have to get better at this control thing, if he were to get through the full moon without hurting someone, or himself, even by accident.

The next few days were going to be a challenge, he thought, as he closed his eyes and focused on his anchor to calm himself.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tonight was the full moon, and Peter could feel how nervous Stiles was.

It was his first full moon since being turned, and they had no idea what would happen.

As a precaution, Peter had asked Derek if the two of them could spend the night in the forest surrounding the Hale house, which is where they were now, impatiently waiting for the moon to rise.

Peter hoped that Stiles would be able to get through his first full moon without too many issues.

But they hadn't wanted to risk him shifting and losing control at home or at Peter's apartment, so here they were.

Stiles was sitting quietly across from Peter on the cold forest floor, as they waited for the moon to reach its peak.

"Should it be taking this long?" Stiles asked nervously, looking to his alpha for an answer.

It had started to get dark out hours earlier, and now that it was pitch black, Peter could feel Stiles getting more worried by the second.

Nodding in response to Stiles' question, Peter focused on his own anchor to calm himself.

Having Stiles, his anchor, here was helping Peter stay in control, and he was happy that he could provide the same comfort for Stiles.

"I feel like something should have happened by now" Stiles interjected a few minutes later. Peter didn't think his beta could get any more nervous at this point.

Frowning, Peter looked Stiles up and down for any sign of transformation. Any hint that Stiles was losing control.

"Something should have happened by now" he admitted, confused by the lack of, well, anything really.

"Do you feel any different? Any overwhelming need to run around naked and eat woodland creatures?" Peter asked sarcastically, trying to ease some of Stiles' worry.

Peter could tell it had worked, when the worry he could feel through their bond started to recede, and started to be replaced with something entirely different.

"Honestly, the only overwhelming need I have right now, is the need for you to fuck me" Stiles answered, lunging forward and wrapping his arms around Peter's neck.

Smiling against Stiles' lips, he rearranged Stiles so that he was sitting in Peter's lap, his legs wrapped around Peter's torso.

"Who am I to deny my beta of what he needs during a full moon" Peter mumbled, before leaning in to kiss Stiles again.

Peter could feel Stiles moan into the kiss as the beta ground his hips down against Peter's.

Peter slid a hand down between the two of them, starting to undo Stiles' jeans, but Stiles stopped him.

"Not here, Peter" Stiles said.

Eyes narrowing at the beta, Peter couldn't help but ask, "no wolf like desire to have sex outside then?"

It may have been dark out, but Peter still saw Stiles roll his eyes at the question.

"As great as that actually sounds right now, my instincts are screaming at me to not do that in Derek's territory" Stiles answered.

"Oh" was all Peter could say. Because it made sense that Stiles would want to be in their own territory for this, for anything during the full moon.

"Take me home, oh wonderful alpha of mine" Stiles ordered, making no move to let Peter up.

Now it was Peter's turn to roll his eyes at his boyfriend's antics.

"I'm not carrying you the entire way back to your car" Peter informed him, as he gently pushed the younger man off his lap.

Stiles stuck his tongue out at Peter, before starting back towards his jeep.

Peter, following close behind, couldn't help but smile at how well Stiles was able to control himself.

His beta had done better than any of Derek's had on their first full moon.

Lost in thought, he continued to walk, until he ran right into Stiles.

He could feel Stiles shaking, and could feel the beta panic through their bond.

Stepping around Stiles to see what had him so freaked out, Peter gasped.

Right in the middle of the hiking trail, was a dead body. A male, probably in his late twenties at most. Peter noticed a stab wound near the heart that was still bleeding lightly.

Sniffing the air around the body, Peter could tell he had been human. But he could smell something else, something more earthy, that didn't belong in the forest.

"I'm going to call your father" Peter told Stiles, as he pulled his phone out of his coat pocket.

The sheriff, who was still at work, picked up on the first ring.

"Did something go wrong? Is Stiles ok?" He asked immediately.

"Stiles is fine, perfectly under control. But we found a dead body in the woods." Peter informed him.

After giving the sheriff their location, Peter hung up, and turned his attention back to Stiles.

"It's ok, love. Nothing can hurt you. I'll keep you safe" he mumbled, as he hugged Stiles.

By the time the sheriff's department got there, Peter had managed to calm Stiles down.

He knew there was no risk of the beta losing control and hurting someone, but now they would both be able to talk to the sheriff.

When Stiles' father finally came over to talk to them, he did not look happy.

"So, there's another tattoo on this man's shoulder that I'm willing to bet wasn't there before." The sheriff informed them.

Well, Peter might just have to start asking some of his contacts about these murders. They were starting to get out of hand.

When the two of them finally got back to Peter's apartment, after hours of being questioned by some of the deputies, Peter was just as exhausted as he knew Stiles was.

Offering Stiles some of his own pyjamas, Peter started to get ready for bed himself.

Peeling off his v-neck, and throwing on a pair of comfortable sweatpants, Peter went back to join Stiles in his bedroom.

He found the beta curled up in a fetal position on the bed, in tears.

Peter could feel how anxious Stiles was. Knew it wasn't from the full moon, but rather, the dead body they had found only hours ago.

"Why can't things ever be normal here?" Stiles sobbed.

Reaching out to rub Stiles' back reassuringly, Peter shrugged.

He had no answer to that. Had been asking himself, and anyone else, the same question for decades now.

Things were never normal, or quiet in Beacon Hills, but for the first time, Peter wished they were. Not for his own sake, but for his beta, who had only been dealing with this crap for a few years, and was already tired of it.

Peter lifted the covers over Stiles's body, and climbed into bed next to him.

"We'll look at the problem tomorrow morning, but for now, sleep Stiles." He mumbled, before pressing a light kiss against the back of Stiles neck.

Peter waited until he was sure Stiles was asleep in his arms, before allowing himself to fall asleep too.

Chapter End Notes

Stiles first full moon! Let me know what you think :)

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the lovely comments :) hope you like this chapter!

The next morning, Peter awoke before Stiles.

Stiles had moved around in his sleep, and was now facing Peter, still wrapped up in his arms.

Smiling down at him, Peter kissed the top of Stiles' head lightly before carefully getting out of bed. He wanted to do some research on the recent killings.

Peter had taken a few steps towards the door, when he heard Stiles whisper, "Please don't leave".

It was so quiet that Peter thought he had imagined the way Stiles' voice cracked. Would have believed he'd imagined it, had he not felt the growing panic the beta was experiencing through their pack bond.

Turning to face Stiles, Peter felt his heart break at the sight in front of him.

Stiles, who had been pretending to sleep, was looking up at Peter as though he were about to lose him.

The poor thing needed his anchor, Peter realized.

Peter went back to the bed immediately, getting under the covers and wrapping his arms around Stiles tightly.

Peter was ready to try to go back to sleep, but Stiles spoke, interrupting any effort he was making to do so.

"I know I don't say it much, but I love you, Peter. I love you, and ever since I was turned, it feels like I need to be with you, to be physically close to you all the time" He mumbled, refusing to meet Peter's eyes.

"Not that I didn't want to be close to you before, but it's like, almost painful, how much I need to be with you" Stiles added with a sigh.

Finally looking up, Stiles met Peter's eyes, and Peter was shocked by how vulnerable he looked.

"I'm more than happy to stay with you, darling. I love you, Stiles." Peter answered.

He hugged Stiles impossibly closer to himself, his bare chest pressing into Stiles' skin.

Peter kissed Stiles lightly on the cheek before mumbling about going to sleep.

Hours later, they were woken by the sound of the elevator coming to a stop at the top floor.

Peter was up immediately, not having invited anyone over, or having told anyone where he lived, for that matter.

He was at the front door before whoever it was had stepped out of the elevator. Stiles was right behind him.

Whoever was here reeked of wolfsbane, he noticed when the elevator doors opened.

They both heard the person approaching the door, the heavy boots stomping against the tiled floor of the short hallway.

When the person, potentially a hunter, was at the front door, they knocked, confusing both Peter and Stiles.

"It's me" came Chris Argent's voice from just outside the apartment.

"I'm not here to hurt anyone. I have information about the murders the sheriff is looking into" he continued from the same spot.

Peter didn't hear Chris' heartbeat skip, so he was most likely telling the truth, but he wouldn't put it past the hunter to have learned how to control his heartbeat during a lie.

Opening the door cautiously, and keeping Stiles behind him, Peter let Chris into his apartment.

Chris Argent looked to be here on official business, Peter noticed. He was dressed in all black, his loose fitting clothes presumably concealing at least a few weapons.

Whatever business it was, the hunter didn't seem to be an immediate threat.

Leading the hunter away from the front hall and towards the living room, Peter could feel Stiles still hiding behind him.

"It's fine, Stiles. If he says he's here to help, he probably is" Peter informed him.

Chris made a sound of protest, as if he were going to make a comment, earning himself an eye roll from Peter.

Peter grabbed Stiles' hand, making sure Stiles had his anchor, and led the beta to a spot next to him on the couch.

Chris sat across from them in an armchair, a serious expression on his face.

"You said you have information about the killings?" Stiles asked hesitantly.

Chris' gaze shifted from Peter to Stiles, as he very visibly flinched.

"Allison told me you had left the pack, but failed to mention you were turned" he said, shifting awkwardly in his seat.

Stiles could only nod at the statement, looking away from the hunter.

"I'm assuming that she also neglected to mention that I was the alpha that turned him" Peter inquired, shifting the attention back to himself.

Chris nodded in confirmation. The hunter sighed.

"This isn't why I came here, but I'd like to offers your pack the same treaty as the other Beacon Hills pack" Chris said, voice giving away his impatience.

"I accept" Peter answered quickly.

"Now that the pleasantries are out of the way, why don't you tell us what you know about the murders" Peter enquired.

Chris nodded and relaxed.

"I emailed you all of the files, but this is a huge problem if I'm right about the murders" he started.

Stiles got up, moving towards the kitchen, and returned with Peter's laptop. He opened a file, glancing at it briefly before handing it over to Peter.

Peter looked over the files, and swore loudly.

"You're right, this is serious" he mumbled, without taking his eyes off the screen.

The markings weren't from just any particular creature, but a very specific one.

That creature just so happened to be the queen of the Fae.

Peter saw Stiles' eyes widen in terror at the revelation.

"The queen of the Fae would only kill supernatural creatures though. And the victim we found in the woods was definitely human." Peter said, confused by the contradicting information in front of them.

"That's the thing" Chris started.

"The Fae are the oldest known magical creatures. It's a common theory among hunters, that the Fae have found a way to absorb the magic of other creatures" he said.

Peter could feel how close Stiles was to losing it. It wouldnt take much to put him over the edge at this point. The beta had only just been turned, but he'd know for a long time that

being a werewolf was a magical trait.

If the Fae queen could absorb magic from other creatures, it meant that Stiles could be forced to be human again.

"I still don't understand. the Fae don't normally kill unless provoked. Why would they kill all these people without provocation?" Stiles asked, the panic evident in his voice.

"For them to kill without provocation, means that the Fae queen, the oldest, most powerful magical being in existence, is being controlled by someone with motive to kill the supernatural" Peter realized.

Chris swore in response, realization dawning on his face. "Hunters".

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the wait! I was writing some stuff for secret santas, but that's done now, so here's an update!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

As soon as Chris left the apartment, Peter left the room to call Derek. Stiles sat on the couch, and waited nervously the entire time.

He barely heard any of the conversation, too distracted by the thought of the Fae queen, and the humans controlling her.

Stiles had just taken the bite, and it would be just his luck if he were to be turned back to a human, and possibly even killed.

After everything he'd been through, the last thing Stiles wanted was to be human again.

He had only been turned a few weeks ago, but Stiles could honestly say that he felt more like himself now than he ever had as a human.

He began to panic before the call was over, and was in tears by the time Peter got back.

"We're going to be having a meeting with the other pack-"Peter stopped mid sentence when he saw how bad Stiles looked.

Stiles tried, in vain, to control his sobs as Peter sat down next to him on the couch.

He let himself be pulled into Peter's lap, leaning back into his alpha's warmth.

He felt Peter's arms wrap around his waist, and had already begun to calm down a bit.

"I, I don't want to, to be human again" Stiles managed to stutter out between sobs.

"I promise you Stiles, I will do everything in my power to make sure you remain a werewolf" Peter answered, pressing featherlight kisses to the back of Stiles' neck.

When Stiles sobs finally quieted, Peter hugged him impossibly closer, his chin resting on Stiles' shoulder.

"We have a meeting with the other pack in an hour. Chris told them about the issue, but we are going over to discuss what should be done about it" Peter informed Stiles.

His lips were right next to Stiles ear, so close he could feel Peter's breath as he spoke. Shuddering from the feeling, Stiles turned his head to the side to kiss Peter.

Peter made a shocked noise, but returned the kiss eagerly.

Letting Peter manhandle him, Stiles was turned around so that he was facing Peter, still sitting in his lap.

Leaning in to kiss Peter again, Stiles rubbed his hips against Peter's, moaning from the friction.

He could feel himself getting embarrassingly hard in his track pants as they continued to kiss.

Stiles pouted when he felt Peter pulling away from him.

"We really should head over to Derek's for the meeting" he mumbled. Stiles could tell that Peter was as upset about stopping for the the meeting as he was.

Groaning in frustration, Stiles got up to get changed anyways.

He threw on a pair of jeans and a plaid shirt, continuing to rummage through the closet for his shoes.

Once he found them, Stiles and Peter made there way over to Derek's. Stiles couldn't help but feel a slight sense of dread at facing Scott again so soon.

They were the first to arrive to the house, politely greeted by Isaac at the front door.

The three of them found Derek in the living room, pacing back and forth.

They sat down, Stiles and Peter on one couch, Isaac across from them on another.

"I dont think the floor will hold, if you plan on continuing that until everyone arrives." Peter informed him sarcastically. Stiles had to hold back a laugh at the comment.

Derek glared at them, pacing the length of the living room once more, before settling down in a seat next to Isaac.

Lydia and Jackson were the next to arrive, followed quickly by Erica and Boyd.

The wolves all visibly sat closer to Derek, but not as far away from Peter and Stiles as they could have.

Lydia on the other hand, sat down right next to Stiles, their shoulders bumping together due to their proximity.

The group waited for Scott and Allison in awkward silence, for what felt like hours to Stiles.

Leave it to Scott to be late for something important, Stiles thought in annoyance, when they still hadn't arrived after an hour.

"We should just start without them" Jackson suggested, breaking the silence and drawing the attention to himself.

"Like we normally do" Erica added loudly, as she rolled her eyes.

Stiles didn't know what to say. Had Scott been late for a lot of pack meeting recently? Did the pack even expect him to show up at all?

Stiles could feel Peter's confusion, as the two of them looked to Derek for an explanation.

"Not like we expected otherwise, but it looks like Scott and Allison won't be showing up again" Derek announced, before standing up.

And just like that, the pack meeting began without the pack's second alpha.

The pack argued back and forth over what to do about the issue, but for once, Stiles noticed, not a single person was arguing for a diplomatic solution.

They were simply debating if they should attack the Fae, or the humans, and eventually they decided on the humans.

They were the ones making the decisions, after all.

After that, they debated even more, on what the plan of attack should be.

Stiles wasn't too happy with what Derek was suggesting so far.

"We can't keep using Stiles as bait!" Peter and Jackson both argued in his defence.

Weird, he thought. Stiles was still getting used to Jackson being on his side.

"He's still the weakest one here!" Derek countered, the frustration clear on his face.

Stiles growled in response, his instincts screaming at him to do something about the claim Derek was making.

Derek put his hands up in surrender, a gesture of apology. Stiles didn't care much for that, still insulted by being called weak.

Stiles jumped when he felt Peter grab his hand, calming down instantly thanks to his anchor.

Lydia, sitting on Stiles' other side, patted him reassuringly on the shoulder.

Stiles sighed, taking a few deep breaths to steady himself enough to continue with the meeting.

"If we're using someone physically weak, we could always use me" Lydia offered.

"I'm still supernatural, but without the strength of a werewolf" she added, and Stiles couldn't help but stare at her in surprise.

Stiles knew she hated being the damsel in distress, almost as much as she'd hated pretending to be dumb.

But Stiles couldn't help the relief he felt at not being the bait, the weak one, even after being turned. He still resented Derek for the comment.

Once they agreed that Lydia would be the bait, they hammered out the details of the when and where, which only took minutes.

By the time Stiles and Peter were ready to leave, Scott and Allison still hadn't shown up.

Before Stiles could leave, however, Lydia grabbed his arm.

"Aren't you two staying for pack bonding?" She asked, her grip tightening in what Stiles could only assume was desperation.

Stiles was shocked by how upset she sounded that they were leaving.

"But we're not pack?" Stiles asked in response, as he was preparing to go back to Peter's apartment. Peter himself, was already almost out the door when Lydia's inquiry came.

They hadn't expected anything like this to happen.

Peter and Stiles were a pack, and they were close. But the two had seen how bad Scott's pack was when it came to werewolf instincts.

But, Stiles supposed, this wasn't Scott's the pack anymore. Derek, who was a born wolf, knew far more than Scott ever would.

Stiles looked to Peter, not wanting to make a decision without his alpha, his anchor.

When Peter only shrugged, Stiles felt a smile creeping into his face.

He nodded to Lydia, and let her drag him back to the living room where the rest of her pack was.

Lydia sat on Jackson's lap, plopping Stiles down next to them. He felt the couch shift as Peter sat next to him, and Stiles let himself be pulled into Peter's lap.

The two couples waited silently as Erica put on a movie, Batman, and sat down quietly next to Boyd to watch it.

By the end of the night, all of them, including Peter, had ended up on the floor, a mess of tangled limbs and scents.

It was strange how at ease he felt in the presence of another pack, Stiles thought, as he felt sleep overcome his senses.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

Chapter 5: Chapter 5

Stiles spent the rest of the weekend angry with Scott for having skipped the pack meeting. He still couldn't believe it had happened.

He had texted Scott to ask where he'd been, and to absolutely no one's surprise, Scott had been at Allison's.

Stiles had decided that he would confront Scott on Monday, and he had every intention of doing so, as he arrived at school. This would have been a lot easier if Stiles could actually find Scott.

He didn't see Scott in the hallways as he walked to English, but that wasn't too out of the ordinary.

Scott was late for school sometimes, so Stiles wouldn't know until chemistry next period, if Scott was here at all.

Stiles sat through the class impatiently. He tried his hardest to ignore the thoughts of the impending conversation he was about to have with Scott, and focus on Shakespeare.

But it was all he could think about.

About Scott just skipping a pack meeting, as if it didn't even matter. About how Scott could just abandon his pack, in a time of need. About how he cared more about a hunter, an Argent, than his pack.

Just that was enough to make him angry, furious even. And that was making it hard to stay human.

Gripping his desk tightly, almost breaking it, Stiles focused on his breathing, on his anchor.

He felt Peter's worry on the other side of their pack bond, and made sure to send back a wave of calmness once he was ok.

He got a weird look from Isaac, the only other wolf in his class, but Stiles simply shrugged. A few other students looked at him curiously, but he ignored them in favour of listening to whatever the teacher was talking about now.

The class couldn't end quickly enough, as Stiles all but ran to chemistry when the bell finally rang.

He was the first one there, arriving before some of the previous class had even left.

And so he sat on a stool at the lab bench closest to the door, and waited.

People trickled in slowly at first, one or two at a time, until eventually the rest of the class was filled and the bell rang.

And still, no Scott.

This was not like Scott at all, Stiles thought worriedly.

The rest of the class passed with no sign of Scott, as did the rest of the day.

With each passing moment, Stiles' anger subsided, starting to be replaced with worry.

At the end of the day, he decided the best course of action would be to talk to Melissa.

Getting into the jeep, he sent Peter a quick text, letting him know where he was going.

As he drove the short distance to Scott's house, he couldn't help but wonder what was wrong.

His mind was having no trouble coming up with hundreds of situations, each one worse than the last.

When he got to the house, Stiles noticed Scott's bike parked in the driveway, next to Melissa's car.

At least Scott was home, Stiles thought in relief. He'd had enough of waiting for Scott to show up anyway.

He let himself in, knowing neither of the McCalls would mind.

He walked around the first floor, looking everywhere for Scott.

"Missing Scott already?" Melissa asked when he found her in the kitchen drinking a coffee. Still no sign of Scott.

Stiles stared, unsure what to say to that.

Melissa put down her drink and offered him a warm smile.

"He spends the weekend at your house, and you're here already, on Monday afternoon. It's like you two need to be together all the time." She joked.

Stiles was reeling at the comment. Scott had told her that he was spending the weekend with Stiles?

"He told me he was spending the weekend at Allison's? I haven't actually seen Scott since last Thursday" Stiles informed her.

Why hadn't he just told her he'd been at Allison's? Melissa knew they were dating, and was in the know about all the supernatural stuff too.

Stiles saw her frown at that. She must have been thinking the same thing.

Now that he thought about it, no one had heard from either Scott or Allison for a while, save the occasional text, explaining where they were.

Something was going on. This was not a good sign.

"I have to go" he said "I'll call you if we find anything out, but no one has been able to contact Scott or Allison for the past few days".

And with that, he ran back to the jeep, speeding to get back to Peter's apartment. The drive seemed to take forever, though it could have only been minutes.

He was antsy the entire elevator ride up, worrying and wondering what the hell had happened to Scott.

Peter was waiting for him on the couch in the living room. Having felt Stiles' stress through the pack bond, he probably knew this was serious.

Stiles sat down next to Peter, needing to feel close to his anchor.

"So, no one has seen Scott for the past four days. Well, besides Allison apparently, who has also not been seen by anyone." Stiles began.

Peter frowned, but didn't say anything.

"At this point, we need to call Chris and ask if he's seen either of them, because if not, I think we can assume they've been taken"

Stiles sat on the couch and waited as Peter talked to Chris.

All he could think about was Scott being taken. All he could picture was his best friend, his brother, being tortured, being killed.

How had the packs not noticed? How had he not noticed that Scott was missing?

He felt something hit his hand, and that was when Stiles realized he was crying.

God, how could he have been so stupid? Stiles thought as he continued to sob. He should have known something was wrong when Scott didn't show up to the pack meeting.

Who knew how long Scott has been gone? No one knew, because no one had cared at the time.

And that was the worst part. Stiles hadn't cared that he hadn't talked to Scott in a while. And now Scott was missing.

Stiles continued to cry quietly, as Peter talked to Chris. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but based on the emotions he could feel from Peter, it wasn't good.

When Peter was done talking, he didn't say anything. Just sat down next to Stiles and pulled him into his lap.

Stiles pressed in closer, needing his anchor, needing something, to ground him.

He knew, without Peter's confirmation, that Scott, and probably Allison too, were missing.

Right now he just needed to be with his boyfriend. Needed to think of something other than the terrible situation they were in.

"I'm so sorry" he heard Peter whisper. Stiles shivered as he felt Peter's lips trailing down his neck.

He leaned back into Peter, and felt Peter's arms circling his waist.

"Just don't leave me" Stiles whimpered, entwining his fingers with Peter's.

He felt Peter press a gentle kiss to his neck.

"I'll never leave you Stiles" he answered, and Stiles felt himself being pulled in impossibly closer.

And hour or so later, when Stiles had calmed down, Peter had called Derek, and told him about the situation.

As soon as he hung up, the two of them made their way over to Derek's, to start putting their plan into motion.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this took so long to post! The extra long final chapter is finally up :) Thank you all for sticking with this story till the end! (There will be at least one more story after this)

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Once the two packs and Chris were in place for their attack, hidden by the cover of darkness, Lydia started her walk through the forest, on the path they had chosen for her. She was walking past a tree that Peter was hidden behind when a glowing light appeared in front of her.

Stiles watched the light from his place behind a bush. It started out as the size of a golf ball, but grew and grew, until a figure started to appear inside the light. The Fae Queen.

The Queen continues to grow, until she was the size of a human, about an inch shorter than Lydia. She was still surrounded by a white glow, but the light had subsided just enough for them to be able to look at her.

An intricate silver crown sat atop her gleaming black hair, which only made her almost white looking skin look even paler. The green dress she was wearing looked to be almost alive, as if the leaves it was made of were swaying in the wind that only she could feel.

Stiles, and the rest of the wolves waited, knowing the hunters would be there soon. Only seconds went by, before a group of six men appeared. They had Scott and Allison tied up, walking in front of them at gunpoint. Shit, Stiles thought.

The hunters were staring at Lydia, as if assessing how much of a threat she would pose. The Fae Queen, however, was looking around, as if she were picking out the locations of all the wolves.

"Is he here?" one of the hunters asked, directing Stiles' attention to him.

Stiles could hear Scott pleading with the queen, telling her not to say anything. He could only watch as the hunter hit Scott with the back end of his gun, instructing him to shut up if he wanted to stay alive.

He saw the queen nod, and Scott glared at her, but remained quiet. Stiles didn't blame him. Lydia was still standing only a few feet away from the queen, unsure what to do.

The hunters gestured for the queen to continue, and she started to walk away from Lydia, straight towards Stiles. Lydia was looking at where she knew Stiles was hidden, her face

frozen in an expression of terror.

No one dared move, as the Queen closed the distance between herself and Stiles, now only five feet at most between them.

"Come out and join us Stiles. We know you're there" one of the hunters called. Stiles could hear Peter growling from his position a few feet to Stiles's right.

The Fae Queen walked up to where Stiles was hiding and lightly touched one long, delicate finger to the top of his head. Stiles could feel himself stand up, now visible to the hunters. He followed the Queen mechanically, having no control of his movements as he approached the hunters.

Stiles felt exposed. Not being able to run, but also not having anything physically preventing him from getting away. He could feel the others staring at him, as if wondering why he was following the Queen.

Peter was the first to reveal himself, stepping around a tree to stand in front of Stiles, blocking him from the Queen. The others followed quickly, fully shifted, and ready for a fight.

The hunters didn't look scared though, Stiles thought. If anything, they looked amused by the turn of events.

"What do you want with Stiles?" Peter growled, baring his teeth at the hunters. The hunter that had called out to Stiles smirked, turning to face Peter.

"We want him dead. We've heard the rumors. Two great packs have come through this town, and only half of them made it out alive. What did those two packs have in common, we asked ourselves. As it turns out, both packs were decimated because they went after him" the hunter answered, gesturing towards Stiles.

"No individual beast should be powerful enough to have that many other animals killed. What if he gets tired of making the rest of you kill other wolves, and decides he wants you to kill humans instead?" he continued to rant.

Stiles couldn't believe how stupid hunters could be. Two packs had tried, and failed to kill him, and that somehow made Stiles a potential threat to humans? Didn't these hunters know that Stiles himself had been human when both packs had tried to kill him?

When the hunter seemed to be done his anti-werewolf rant, he gestured to the Fae Queen next to Stiles. Stiles couldn't move, couldn't do anything, as the Queen reached towards him, resting her hand flat on his chest.

Stiles felt his insides start to tingle, and then, as the sensation started to get stronger, it felt like his body was on fire. He could feel his werewolf powers slowly subsiding, his senses becoming duller, as the Queen took the magic that made him a werewolf from him.

Stiles collapsed when it was done, in too much pain to even scream. And then all hell broke loose. Allison had cut away her restraints, and somehow grabbed a gun from one of the hunters. The others took that as their cue to attack.

Stiles could only watch as the hunters were killed off, one by one. The Fae Queen, he noticed, did not get involved in the fight. Thank God for that, Stiles thought. He didn't think any of the wolves, or humans would have been able to take her on.

As the fighting around him seemed to die down, Stiles could feel himself getting tired. He tried his best to stay awake, as Peter ran to his side.

"Stiles?" Peter whispered, so low Stiles almost couldn't hear.

"I...I think I'm human again?" Stiles stuttered through a cough.

"You are. For now" the Fae Queen spoke for the first time. The serious tone in her voice made Stiles shiver. What did she mean, for now? he wondered, as he struggled to stay awake.

"No" Stiles heard Peter growl. "I refuse to let him die."

Stiles was going to die? That explained the Queen's words. And the tired, warmth Stiles was starting to feel. Stiles was struggling as hard as he could to stay awake.

"There must be something we can do" Peter argued. "Can't I just give him the bite?" he asked, looking to the Queen for answers. The Queen shook her head.

"I didn't just take away the magic that made him a wolf. I took away the magic that made him compatible with the bite. With it gone, he will die from the bite, if he were to receive it now." she answered.

"Can't you just make him compatible with the bite again?" Peter asked, and Stiles could feel Peter's fingers carding through his hair.

Stiles saw the Queen shake her head, an almost sympathetic expression on her face.

"Once magic is gone, it can not be recreated. For him to be able to take the bite, I would need to take magic from somewhere else, from someone else, to make him compatible. It would kill any other beta wolf" the Queen informed them.

"What about an alpha? Like me?" Peter asked without hesitation. Stiles tried to shake his head, not wanting Peter to give up his status as an alpha, and maybe even a werewolf, for him.

The Queen looked as though she was considering it, before Scott spoke up for the first time.

"You can't do that, Peter. Making Stiles a werewolf again, but forcing him to be in our pack? He never wanted that." Scott said. Peter was glaring at him, looking ready to fight.

"So you would let him die then?" Peter snarled, and Scott shook his head.

"Let her use me. If it turns me back to a human, I'd be okay with that." Scott offered. Stiles heard gasps coming from all around them, and had he not been in so much pain, he probably would have too.

"A true alpha, willing to give up his gift." the Queen spoke. "I can see why you were chosen to have this gift. With the extra power it provides you, you could remain a beta, and make your friend able to receive the bite." the Queen offered.

Stiles wanted to cry when he saw Scott nod without hesitation. He watched Scott approach the Queen, but had to look away when a bright flashing light appeared in front of Scott, moving towards him.

As the bright light began to fade, Stiles felt more awake. He was still human, for now, but he felt more alive.

"Stiles, darling, I'm going to bite you now." Peter informed him, before leaning down to Stiles' neck.

Stiles felt a searing pain in his neck, as Peter turned him for a second time. already knowing what it was like to be a wolf, Stiles could already feel some of his senses returning to him. He could feel the pack bond between he and Peter reforming, and he couldn't help but cry out in relief.

"God, Stiles, I thought I was going to lose you" Peter mumbled eventually, when Stiles was fully turned again. Stiles sat up, warping his arms around Peter, and letting himself be carried back to his jeep. The other pack didn't say a word as they left.

The two of them were silent, as Peter drove them back to his apartment. Once inside, Stiles felt Peter push him up against the wall next to the door. He smiled as Peter wrapped him up in his arms, leaning in to kiss Stiles.

"You were going to give up everything for me" Stiles mumbled into the kiss.

"you are my everything, Stiles" Peter answered, pulling back and looking at Stiles.

Stiles could feel tears welling in his eyes at Peter's words. Stiles pulled Peter in for another kiss, feeling truly safe and happy, for the first time in years.

Chapter End Notes

Come say hi to me on tumblr! <https://darbydoo22.tumblr.com>

End Notes

Hope you liked this as much as the other parts of the series! Let me know what you think :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!